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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1910.

## "A Hopeful Chaos."

The present demoralization of the Republican party has recalled to the Indianapolis Star an observation made by a once famous humorist, George W. Julian, concerning a situation much akin to this.

He called it "a hopeful chaos." It will require much optimism on the part of our Republican friends—their woe now daily accumulating—to view it in the Julian light, but an unpessimistic country may well and competently accept that aply expressed logic. For there is logic—concentrated wisdom—in it.

Out of chaos good often comes. Chaotic conditions produce quick solutions—necessitate them. If anything could possibly bring the warring Republicans to their senses, certainly the stunning result of the election in Maine ought to do so. It emphasizes and illuminates party discord more than anything else has done. And the Maine rebuke is only preliminary to chastisements to come.

But whether the Republicans be brought to their senses or not—and it is, of course, too late to set things aright for November—there is hopefulness in the present chaos in the thought that it will make for the rehabilitation of the Democratic party—create a real opposition party and inspire it to be constructive and not destructive; to be sane, yet progressive, and, above all, determined ever to uphold the principles and institutions of this republic, now menaced by agitators, theorists, and faddists.

The country needs such a party—needs it more urgently than ever before in its history—and out of this Republican chaos, hopeful in this aspect, we trust and believe such a Democratic party will come.

President Taft is going to Cincinnati, but it is a safe wager he will not dine with Boss Cox.

## Some More Cheating.

In New York City, where they investigated the weights and measures used to serve the public and found many of them short, thus starting a crusade against this sort of cheating that has gone all over the country, they have turned their attention to another sort of cheating that has been going on for a long time. The matter has been called to public attention by Mr. Driscoll, the head of the New York bureau of weights and measures. Looking into the traffic of certain jewelry establishments, he has discovered that the marks on jewelry are not only meaningless, but are used only to deceive. Pretty nearly any average citizen who purchases an article of jewelry looks for the stamp on it, and if it is marked "14k" or "18k" or "sterling," he accepts that as a sort of guarantee.

Mr. Driscoll had some of the articles so marked tested, with the result that he found gold rings marked fourteen karats that assayed only four or five karats; others marked eighteen karats contained gold of only ten-karat quality or fineness. He found bracelets stamped "solid gold" that were only brass with a thin veneer of gold, the jewelers justifying to themselves the deception by the fact that the veneer covering the brass was "solid," so far as it went. Mr. Driscoll found the same sort of facts in regard to silver. Many of the articles marked "sterling" were only sterling pewter or white metal, and had absolutely no silver in them at all. As a result, Mr. Driscoll says that the practice of false marking and of deceiving the public is systematically followed.

In Great Britain the penalties for this sort of cheating are severe. The hall marks of the jewelers' guilds are as sacred and inviolable as the effigy of the monarch on the coins; the penalty for counterfeiting coin of the realm is not more severe than the penalty for false marking or for counterfeiting the guild marks. In England a gold article marked eighteen karats is almost certain to be of precisely that quality, while the penalty for cheating in this respect is so severe that any article marked "sterling" is sterling without doubt.

It is time that the American public was safeguarded from these cheats, and we are one with Commissioner Driscoll when he demands that the law of certification for the precious metals be amended so that its violation will be a serious crime. We are sure all reputable jewelers would welcome statutes that would put an end to this cheating. There are hosts of people who want to wear jewelry, and do wear it, even when it is made of brass or copper or imitation precious stones. But they should be allowed to know just what they are buying. We hope sincerely that Commissioner Driscoll will be successful in his crusade.

Whatever makes for a higher standard of honesty in dealing or trading be-

tween man and man makes for a high standard of citizenship throughout the nation.

The Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune suggests Mr. Roosevelt as president of a mothers' club. The Pittsburgh Dispatch wants him as secretary of the society for the prevention of cruelty to municipalities. We nominate him as grand master of the Split Infinitive Association.

## Paying the Price.

The American public may sympathize with young Robert Winthrop Chanler, but how old John Jacob Astor, whose descendant he is, would despise the man who, laying his name and his fortune at the feet of a notorious actress, allows himself at the last to be kicked out of Europe for some more favored lover, and who goes wearily down the gang-plank of a steamer, walling that his fortune is gone and that his wife allows him only \$20 a month.

Undoubtedly the young man deserves all that has happened to him—though, as he has rich relatives, some of whom dislike notoriety, he will probably not be forced to go to work for a living. When Mme. Cavallieri first came to this country, she brought some of her admirers with her. Among them was the Russian Prince Dolgorouki. Young Chanler met her soon after her arrival, as most of the rich young bloods in New York have a habit of meeting foreign women of notoriety when they come over. Whether he fell in love with her personality or with the halo of notoriety that surrounded her does not matter. He attached himself to her, and though she repulsed him time and again, he hung on, and finally proposed to her.

When she accepted him it was young Chanler who announced the fact, and Mme. Cavallieri confirmed the news in a rather contemptuous way when the New York newspaper men asked her about it. At any rate, young Chanler was happy; he was with her often in Broadway, and when she went abroad he followed her.

From Paris came the news that they were wedded, and after that they dropped out of public notice, and the world supposed they were happy. Of the marital troubles that beset them, the world would know nothing now if it were not for the woe-begone husband himself, who, bewailing the ingratitude of a \$30-a-month allowance out of what was once a handsome fortune, has told tales out of school. She never loved him; her sweetheart of old, Prince Dolgorouki, appeared again on the scene, and Cavallieri has told her husband to get away and not come back.

That is the price that this scion of the shrewd old founder of the Astor family has to pay for his folly. It is the usual price that is demanded of men like him who put pleasure and self-gratification above all else. He is not so old, fortunately, but that the lesson may do him good, and he may turn out a fine American citizen after all.

Champ Clark says that if he is elected Speaker he will drive a team of mules down Pennsylvania avenue. Just to show the skill he attained in handling a fractious minority, we suppose.

## Long May Walt Mason Wave!

A Philadelphia writer and cartoonist John Scanlon by name, was found dead in his room a few mornings ago, evidently a suicide, and in the favorable press comments upon his career it was stated that he wrote prose and poetry for magazines and newspapers over the pen name "Walt Mason."

The usually well-informed journal, the Philadelphia Record, even identified him to its readers as Walt Mason himself—the beloved poet, optimist, and philosopher with whom Washington and other cities maintain a fond daily acquaintance through the medium of his prose-poems that adorn many optimistic newspapers. The Washington Herald among the number.

It is only fair to the memory of the Philadelphia genius gone beyond to believe that his reportorial biographers went wrong, and that he never professed to be the author of the Walt Mason sayings, or used that pen name in marketing his literary wares. He could hardly have been even a disciple or follower of Walt Mason, for day after day he was filled with good cheer that invariably they live long and happily. Not one of them ever was known to embark upon the dark journey via the laudanum route as did John Scanlon.

Walt Mason—our own and only Walt—is pleasantly domiciled at Emporia, Kans., healthy and happy as a lark, and there, with William Allen White, he helps edit a thriving daily uplift paper while scattering sunshine and smiles throughout this blessed land.

Senator Beveridge says the colonel has not started yet. Help! Help!

A French sailor, George Chavez, has now won the high altitude record. Just wait; some American will go to the top of the class.

Prof. Garner says he has taught a monkey to say "fou," when it wants a match—this being the French for fire. But as monkeys do not smoke, such education seems fu-tile.

Pork is at the highest price it has been for years, but the end-seat hog is not yet at a premium.

A Chicago newspaper, publishing health rules for children, says: "Don't run to school." Unnecessary advice.

Those baseball writers who are describing "How I got my start" should know that the only way to start is to bingle one out beyond the infield.

Fifty-seven preachers in Iowa have given up their pulpits; also given up that State as hopeless, perhaps, since the insidious warfare set in.

Of the silent ones in the world, there are Chauncey Depew, Harry Thaw, Chancellor Day, Harry Thurston Peck, Nic Longworth, et al.

Now that Kaiser Wilhelm has declared against the suffragettes, there is no doubt that his divine right theory will be smashed to pieces.

"The only living man who can throw dices sixes every time," is the way the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis describes the

colonel. It takes the pastor of a fashionable church to use correctly the metaphors of the gaming table.

It certainly went—and something bent!

If this is an "off" year in politics, what in the world is going to happen when the "on" year comes?

Newport society complains that the jelly-fish bite them while they are swimming. Any one who objects to a jelly-fish bite is a mollycoddle.

How dare they reach over from Maine and stick things into the G. O. P. elephant?

"Trade in peaches extremely active," says a headline, while alongside it is another—"Dearth in Chorus Girls." They do not seem to consist, somehow.

Japan pays out millions for ship subsidies. That is one thing in which we decline to follow the example of the Japanese.

When Moses brought them down from the mount he never dreamed that Col. Roosevelt was going to circulate them the way he has.

The Troy Press says that collars are indispensable in the wardrobe of a gentleman. And most politicians wear somebody else's.

Mrs. Marilla Ricker received one vote for governor of New Hampshire in the recent primaries. And we will bet that Mr. Ricker ran all the way home to tell his wife that he dropped it in.

"It is astonishing the amount of affliction some girls endure for the sake of auto rides and theaters."—Nashville American. Do you not mean "affection," brother?

In Wooster, Ohio, a man, aged ninety, is suing his wife, aged eighty-eight, for a divorce. If this couple would only be a little patient, nature would soon settle their quarrel.

And then, too, when you think of all that coal tied up in Alaska you might call it conservation of natural resources.

Who says that poetry has not its uses? A negro poet has just been made a janitor at Harvard.

The scientists say that the house fly can speed up to thirty-five feet a second. But that is only when you are trying to swat it.

It is a curious thing that you do not have to own any hay to get hay fever.

We always knew it was some sort of a "bug" that turned in fake fire alarms.

They have abandoned the plan of smoking rooms for women in the theaters of St. Louis and Chicago. The poor dears are denied all their rights.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Like Money from Home.

Go West, young man, and practice law among the Indians.

Doubtful.

When Secretary Ballinger shall have resigned, will Collier's Weekly bet?

Things Might Be Worse.

How fortunate for us that only one of the Oup-gubindas is a Senator.

A Joke on Hoke.

Hoke Smith thinks he may be nominated for the Presidency in 1912. Meets Hoke's myth.

What Would Have Happened?

It would have been more interesting still if Secretary Ballinger had happened to belong to the Hamilton Club.

Waiting for 1916, Perhaps.

From the Omaha Bee.

Mr. Bryan insists that Democratic prospects were never better. Then why will he not be a candidate in 1912. That sounds more rational.

Three Greatest Dams.

There are three enormous dams under way—the Gatun dam at Panama, the Belle Fourche structure, 620 feet long, and Uncle Joe C. Leon's irrigation of the insurgents.

Small Faith in Willis.

About the most encouraging news the Democrats have received in a long time is the prediction of Willis L. Moore that the country is going Republican by a big majority.

The Game of Politics.

From Life.

The game of politics, like chess, is of ancient and obscure origin. Its invention, however, is usually ascribed to the devil.

It was played with varying success among the Egyptians and Babylonians, and has continued in favor down to the present day. On one side is the public and on the other is the politician. "Now, watch carefully!" says the latter, and nonchalantly he manipulates the walnut shells.

The problem is then for the public to guess under which shell the pea is. Or, to change the figure, the game may be likened to the marriage service, in which the politician swears to love, honor, and obey the public. Within a week, however, the bride usually proceeds to Reno.

"Instruct your public affairs to me," says the politician, "and I will mismanage them to the best of my disability, waste your money, raise the tax rate, and corrupt the legislature. And what will I charge for all that? Oh, a mere bagatelle—the difference between what things are worth and what you pay for them."

Is it any wonder the public holds such a man in honor and esteem?

THAT "TEDDY" BIRD.

Forty years ago the farm was trim and neat. Great crops were grown of corn and oats and wheat.

A barbed boy, in furrow, dust, and stubble, Carried his song, with never a thought of trouble.

The bobolink, the bluebird, and the wren, Echoed his song or trilled their notes, and when The lengthened shadows told the day was done, His song was ended and his friend, the sun, Hidden behind the western hills, new world's delight, While twilight came and deepened into night.

The whippoorwill sang soft, nor ever moaned the night; The boy, with dreamy eyes, "neath the moon's mild ray.

Pillowed his head and fell asleep and dreamed Of oves and calves until morning sunlight beamed.

The years have passed, the farm is gone, The boy, a man, looks back and sighs forlorn, For changes many fill his heart with pain; He wishes they would all change back again.

Instead of songbirds, which filled his heart with joy, The "Teddy" bird, do now his heart annoy; The "Teddy" bird, an omen of what we hear, That endless, garbled, chattering sounds we fear; Not in the trees, but littering up the ground With litter, cowards, and things much less profound, The man with years is deeply troubled now; He cannot sing, he hates a common row; And with his latest heart is stirred, His graver—Lord, save us from the "Teddy" bird.

J. & L.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A WARM SEPTEMBER.  
Hot summer tries the soul,  
We drop and faint,  
Yet, when it comes, whole  
Without complaint.

But we may well begin  
To kick and bawl  
When summer lingers in  
The lap of fall.

All Depends.  
"I don't like to listen to hard luck stories, do you?"  
"That depends on whether they are reminiscences or the preliminaries to a punch."

The Family Growler.  
"Why are you weeping, little boy?"  
"I broke de pitcher."  
"Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk."  
"Gwan! Dis wuz beer!"

A Wide Field.  
"Many nervous breakdowns are reported at Newport this summer."  
"So I see. I think I'll go in for welfare work among the rich."

The Gamut.  
Ardent, cool, distant, warm,  
So vexed hub and wifery  
Turned, joy, sunshine, storm—  
Such is married life.

A Business Proposition.  
"Politeness pays."  
"If that idea gets around, all the old grouches will take it up."

Neglected Opportunities.  
"This is the site of an ancient city," announced the Arab guide. "As you see, not one stone remains upon another."  
"You fellows lack enterprise," commented the tourist. "Why don't you take some of this building material and construct some ruins?"

Two or Three.  
"Her father objects to my calling every evening. Threatens to kick me into the middle of next week."  
"Well, if he does you'll only miss a few nights."

BENEFITS OF CANNED MUSIC.

Phonographs and Piano Players Are Real Aids to Appreciation.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

This everlasting harping on "the study of the score," in which we have been indulging, might lead the casual wayfarer in our town to imagine that all our music lovers are excellent pianists. Alas, we know the town too well to delude ourselves with such vain fables.

If the man of the house cannot play, as probably he cannot, there is the wife; or if her fingers have grown stiff through overpractice on the family hoarse, there is daughter; and if she can manage nothing but the latest barn-burner, still we are not at the end of our rope.

Now let the highbrows wrinkle their foreheads in scorn, their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and pour out the vials of their wrath on our devoted head. The fact remains that the great mass of our people who would like to know something about the good in music, and have not themselves the skill to woo aught with their own fingers, need not be altogether cut off from grace.

The value of the fine records of the modern talking machines is partly understood. Last year at the opera we personally knew a number of people who were there because they had heard the voices of the singers mechanically reproduced, until the desire had come upon them to hear the men themselves.

You could feel all about you the quickening of interest when the singer began the strains of some aria which constant repetition on the machine had made familiar, and why not? What could be more natural than that people should take more interest in that which they knew something about than in that which was altogether new?

We Americans are as yet dreadful cowards in matters artistic. If Mrs. Grundy but raises her eyebrows we flush and tingle all over as we hasten to deny that we ever listen to any "canned music," which is stupid and provincial. Why not honestly admit that we have not thorough knowledge of this modern music, but are anxious to learn and willing to take whatever we can get?

Mosquito-proof Steamer.

From Daily Trade and Consular Reports.

The first ocean-going mosquito-proof vessel built for the African trade, the Jonathan Holt, arrived at Liverpool on July 8, and will shortly commence its regular service in the Liverpool-West African trade as a vessel of John Holt & Co., Liverpool.

Fittings are provided against the intrusion of mosquitoes in the quarters of both passengers and crew. All doorways, side-port openings, windows, skylights, ventilators, and passages have been provided with mosquito-proof, close-mesh gauze coverings, which, while allowing the necessary ventilation, prevent the admission of the disease-bearing mosquito.

Great care has been given to the convenient placing of these fittings to make them readily adjustable. The vessel is 32 feet long, has thirty-eight feet beam, and is eighteen feet three inches in depth.

The plan of arrangement adopted was recommended by Prof. Maj. Ronald Ross, C. B., a recognized malarial expert, whose malarial recommendations are very generally known throughout the Tropics. He is publishing a book on prevention of malaria, which will contain a full description and plans for fitting vessels like the one mentioned.

Danger in Street Music.

From the London Chronicle.

There is danger in street music. The other day the street organ outside the shaving saloon stirred the barber's tongue. "Odd how it is they get those catchy tunes," he said. "I find myself humming 'em without knowing it. And I've seen a gentleman here clipping a customer's hair to the tune—snip—snip—snip—snip—like that." This writer started up, half shaved, and requested the barber, who hovered with the razor, to send outside and tell the street organ to play something that wasn't syncopated.

From Success.

He was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold." "You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you, and your mother loves you, and I can sit on your hands."

Too Much Advice.

From the Toledo Blade.

One scientist says buttermilk is injurious to health and other scientists declare it just the thing. The time is coming when we will have to eat and drink what we like and trust to Providence.

He was sent on several embassies to foreign powers, and his journeys always bore good fruit.

The step that aroused against him the undying hate of Prince Maurice, whom years before he had elevated to supreme power, was his negotiations for a truce with the Spaniards. Maurice wanted the war to go on, because his own position was more powerful during hostilities, but Barneveldt managed to secure a twelve years' truce, after obtaining a recognition of the provinces. Suspicions of Barneveldt's honesty were artfully circulated, and the great patriot suffered in popular esteem.

The conflict between Maurice and Barneveldt went on, Maurice aiming at the sovereign power and Barneveldt resolutely maintaining the freedom of the republic. Religious differences also existed, Maurice attempting to have Calvinism adopted as the state religion, and Barneveldt opposing the purpose.

Finally Barneveldt was arrested by order of the prince, in September, 1618, and after a mock trial, was executed at The Hague, on May 12, 1619. His sons four years later attempted to avenge his death, but one was beheaded and the other escaped to Spain.

On September 14, Salem, Mass., was founded in 1629, the Society of the War of 1812 was organized in 1814, Americans under Scott entered the City of Mexico in 1847; the peace of Adrianople was declared in 1829; the battle of South Mountain, Md., was fought in 1862, and the Alabama claims were settled in 1872. Today is the birthday of Robert Raikes, founder of the Sunday School (1733); William Bradford, Attorney General under Washington (1750); Alexander von Humboldt, celebrated traveler and natural philosopher (1769); Hamlin Garland, author (1860), and Charles Dana Gibson, artist (1867). It is the date of the death of St. Chrysostom, renowned preacher and writer (407); Charles Rollin, historian (1718); Louis Joseph de Montcalm, French commander (1759); Aaron Burr (1783); James Fenimore Cooper, American novelist (1815); and Arthur, Duke of Wellington (1832). It is the date of the death of President McKinley, at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1901.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of John Barneveldt—September 14.

Soldier by occasion and lawyer by profession, John of Barneveldt was one of the most famous of the Dutchmen who took their valorous stand against Philip II of Spain. He was born at Amersfoort, in the province of Utrecht, of a long line of noble ancestors, on September 14, 1568, and at twenty-two began the practice of law in The Hague.

When he soon obtained notice through his abilities and his sympathetic attitude with those who were hostile to Spain.

Barneveldt served as a volunteer at the sieges of Haarlem and Leyden, and at twenty-eight was married. A year later he was appointed to the post of counselor and chief pensionary or legal adviser of the council at Rotterdam.

When he was thirty-five years old he was chosen head of an embassy to Queen Elizabeth of England. The Prince of Orange, the sagacious and resolute leader of the Dutch, had been assassinated, and the Spaniards had been generally successful under the Prince of Parma. The cause of the Dutch seemed hopeless, and it was then that Barneveldt was sent to England to offer to Elizabeth the sovereignty of the United Provinces.

Elizabeth would not accept this sovereignty, but she agreed to send over to the patriots substantial evidence against the Spaniards. Under the command of her favorite, the Earl of Leicester, she sent an expedition. The Dutch conferred supreme and absolute authority on Leicester, while Barneveldt was raised to the high office of advocate general of Holland and West Friesland.

Leicester proved to be arrogant and incompetent, and Barneveldt was the man to whom the Dutch looked to curb the Englishman's power. Thus, it happened that he had the states appoint Maurice, the young son of the murdered Prince of Orange, stadtholder and captain general, and in doing this he helped to place in the highest position the man who was afterward to destroy him.

It was the prudence and energy of Barneveldt that brought order and prosperity to the states, and though he attempted to resign when his work of rehabilitation had been well started, the states would not accept his resignation. He was sent on several embassies to foreign

powers, and his journeys always bore good fruit.

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